

HOME IS THE SEMINARY OF ALL OTHER INSTITUTIONS

THREE PRIZES MONTHLY: \$2.50 to first; \$1.50 to second; \$1.00 to third. Award made the last Saturday in each month.

EVERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

The Bulletin wants good home letters, good business letters; good help-ful letters of any kind the mind may suggest. They should be in hand by Wednesday of each week. Write on but one side of the paper. Address, SOCIAL CORNER EDITOR, Bulletin Office, Norwick, Conn

SOCIAL CORNER PRIZE WINNERS FOR AUGUST

"A Sister of the Social Corner;" first prize of \$2.50 for letter entitled "Recipes for the Pickling Season.

"One of Them," second prize, \$1.50, for letter entitled "Delicious Ways to

"Necie," third prize, \$1.00, for letter entitled "A Little Child Shall Lead

where I find encouragement and rest which gives strength for life's conflict. For example, take a traveler in a foreign land, let him run across a per-son from his home town. They may not have recognized each other before

POEMS THAT CHEER

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

The bird let loose in eastern skies,

When hastening fondly home.

When hastening fondly home.

Ne er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies

Where idle warblers roam;

But high she shoots through air and light,

Above all low delay;

Where nothing earthly bounds her

flight, Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care.

And stain of passion free.

Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,

To hold my course to Thee!

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay

My soul, as home she springs—

Thy sunshine on her joyful way,

Thy freedom in her wings!

—Thomas Moore.

TO THE SISTERS OF THE SOCIAL CORNER.

We have received from M. Roena a pleasing sketch entitled "A Visit to the County Fair" that will appear next week, which he feel sure will please all our Social Corner readers, since she identified in her mind several Social Corner writers and agreeably describes them. The desire to have the stories kept up has prompted Polly Peppermint to venture upon a short humorous sketch which has the merit of being true, entitled "B Width or C Width?" an issue over a quarter inch of space. And there is one other story entitled "An Old Maid's Surprise," which will carry the Corner very near Oct. 1st, which will be about competition time, should the members favor the continuance of this feature.

The Editor is surprised to find the erest in the Corner is so great that the letters in number and length exceed the page allotted to them, and he has been obliged to hold several over until next week. Some of the letters are of such length we may have to cut them in two that we may make room for others that are pressing.

We hope new members will not omit to send their true names and address. es, as wall as their pen-names.

The most difficult task the Editor has is the awarding of prizes. Where there are so many good things and such equality of merit he is as painfully aware of his inability to satisfy all as anyone. He feels grateful that · Fourth prize was discovered which a way is pleasing and appreciated. The kindly and tolerant spirit of the members is very much appreciated by the Editor.

A WIDOW'S INQUIRY.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: Your letters are always interesting, and the Corner very helpful, in many ways, and just now as I finished reading Esand just now as I finished reading Esther Damon, by Mrs. Frement Older, it occurred to me to ask the Sisters what they were reading and what they like best to read, after the Bible and the Sunday school lesson and the Endeavor lesson—those are a matter of course. like daily breath and daily food. But this story, if you are a mother, you might as well read it, if you have opportunity—just to give you a hint to portunity—just to give you a hint to look after your sweet young daughters, and if you are a daughter you might as well read it. When you've read it you will know why I called your at-

There are a good many lessons in the story, and we all have our lessons in the story, and we all have our lessons to learn. I'm so glad you have all stopped making light of your husbands. Very affectionately, WIDOW.

Sisters of the Social Corner: There are so many associations connected which no doubt are sacred to most of us in that little word home. That word and words home there?" It has always seemed so strange to man as always seemed so strange to seeme so strange to s

change, aithough I should so a you are doing. If he had to remain at home, so would? And we all, with you, will remember when the hour of affliction come. "Every sorrow hath its bound." And that no sorrow hath its bound." And that no sorrow shall be endured forever. So with grateful hearts we ask not, "How shall

I bear the burden of tomorrow?"
Sufficient for today, its cares,
Its avis and its sorrow;
God imparteth by the way,
Strength for today's sorrow.

Dear M.: Round cake is dandy. Please all try it. Let those plain, nice recipes of yours come again. I made a Roens cake sister Saturday. Thanks for it. It was fine.

M. Luella, did you try it? If not do. Wasn't it sisterly to offer the slip in the way C. of C. did to a sister? Bless her dear, generous heart. I am sure we all hope she may have many blooms in her window for this winter. To a Shut-in: We are sorry for you, write often and tell us how you are. Yes, it is hard to be slck, but stop and think of our blessings even then. We have some one to care for us and to doctor us. When I was a child I used to sing a song that began, "Count your blessing over and over. "Count your blessing over and over, Count them one by one: And you can see what good God hath done."

I wish I could find the piece again.

Sweet Lavender: I'd like to see your twins. So you make so much more room for jolly heart. Come often. Oh, Glenwood, may what you say be true of us all. In some way may I bring cheer and gladness into the sore heart of some one. May my Fatiner show me some way to make this rough road easier for some sore feet as they tread up and up the hill towards home. Polly Peppermint, you may sit beside me; and I hope you are a better Yankee than another normalite. If you arn't you must try again.

Now sisters can't we find some way and each send a little gift to some poor children for Christmas. Could we not send our tribute to one sister we may elect and she pack the little box and send it to some of the poor children. It could be something very small and yet give much pleasure to the receiver. Let every one give an opinion on this subject

Mr. Editor, please let us know your opinion as I am sure we all look to you for advice; and am sure, also, that most all if not all of the sisters of our Corner would be giad to make just one more child happy that day.

have recognized each other before How he will rejoice even to talk of the town; and if the other has seen his residence, it makes him have visions of home. How his homesick heart is cheered in joyful anticipation of returning.
As daylight is fading and shadows of

most all if not all of the sisters of our Corner would be giad to make just one more child happy that day.

Well, I hear the waste basket exclaim, "If she still keeps on I have another duty to perform!" So bidding all good bye, I'll add just a word to Housewife, begging her pardon for my miss guess, and hope that some time we may meet face to face,

ONLY ONE, As daylight is fading and shadows of night are creeping on, as the street lamps are being lit and the wage earner is wending his way homeward, little children press their dear eager faces close to the window pane to watch for papa coming home; and when he is signified almost a block away to hear their happy voices cry:

"Here's papa! Here's papa!"

And mother is busy preparing a tasty hot supper, something he can enjoy, for father has not had much to eat today, there being such little satisfaction in a dinner pail.

See them scramble from the window, aimost falling over each other to reach the door to get the first kiss. Little Jean, being in Dorothy's arms, is nearest the mouth and she gets the first. Then dear good Dorothy—mother's little woman—steps back and allows the others to kiss papa, while John exclaims:

"O. Dorothy is last!"

Lyme, Conn

HOW TO CLEAN

Never does a man know the force that is in him

While grief is fresh every attempt to direct only

Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak,

Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier

till some mighty affection or grief has humanized his

irritates-You must wait till it be digested, and then

amusement will dissipate the remains of it. - Johnson.

whispers to the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.

WAISTS AND GLOVES.

Dear Social Corner Friends: One of the Sisters thinks that the Social Corner is the better for a bit of spicy flavoring, so I venture to write again, after which I must shake hands all around and leave the Corner for an indefinite period of time.

Two or three good ideas in the line of helps have come to me and I pass them on to you for some of you may find them of great use as I have.

claims:
"O. Dorothy is last!"
"Archly she looks at John and says:
"But mine will stay on the longest."
That is home! How that father revilizes the reception he will gat from wifey. For mark this: The way children receive parent or stranger into their homes, that spirit breathes the air of that home. After the meal has been finished, how they clamor to be near father, while mother mends stockings for little feet, begging father for a story which no doubt has been related a dozen times. To clean a white waist, either mus-lin or thin silk, which has become stained by perspiration, place it in a strong solution of castile or fvory soap. Then place in hot sun. The solution calls for one bar of soap and two or three quarts of water. (I use three quarts.)

To clean kid gloves, use sweet milk and a piece of brown soap. Place glove on a heavy cloth on a firm surface. Hold wrist of glove in left hand and clean with piece of white flannel dip-

TIMELY RECIPES-CATSUP, PICK-LES, JELLIES, JUICE. ar Sisters of the Social Corner: I

Grape Catsup—Stew five pounds of ripe grapes until soft: rub through a sieve, add 21-2 pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful each of cianamon, allspice and pepper, one-half tablespoonful each of cloves and salt, one pint of vinegar. Boil until thick and bottle.

Pickied Cucumbers.—Soak ten dozen cucumbers in brine five or six hours, then scald in the following mixture. Three quarts of vinegar, one cup of sugar, two tablespoonsful of unground cloves, chnamon and black pepper, two tablesponfuls of chopped horseradish. When the vinegar is scalding hot, take out the cucumbers, put them in jars and pour the vinegar over them. Keep closely covered or scal.

Stuffed Peppers—Cut the top from the peppers, take out all the seeds; chop cabbage fine; spice, sweeten and salt. Stuff the peppers full, the on the topsh pack in a stone jar and cover with cider vinegar. Keep in a cool

Grape Jelly—Boil the grapes in a porcelain kettle, and to every four quarts of grapes use half a pint of water. Boil until soft, then strain through a cloth. Boil the juice twenty minutes and add a pound of sugar to every pound of juice. Then let it boil for ten minutes and pour into jelly glasses.

Grape Juice—Put ripe grapes on the stove in a porcelain kettle with a very little water, and cook until seft. Strain through a cloth, and to each quart of juice add one cup of sugar; let come to a boil and skim, Bottle boiling hot and seal.

Tomato Catsup—Cook the tomatoes well; press them through the sleve, and to each five pints add three pints of good cider vinegar. Boil slowly for about two hours or until it begins to thicken; then add one tablespoonful of ground cloves, one of allspice, one of cinsamon, and one of pepper. Boil until thick and add two tablespoonsful of fine sait. Bottle, cork and seat.

Chili Sauce—Eighteen ripe tomatoes chopped, four peppers chopped, four onlines chopped, one cup of good cider vinegar, one teaspoonful of ginger, two teaspoonsful salt, one teaspoonful cloves, one of allspice, one of cinnamon. Cook slowly for three hours. Bottle and seal.

Cucumber Pickles—Pick the cucumbers when they are from two to three incehs long; put in a stone jar, make a brine of one large cup of salt to three quarts of water; let come to a boil and skim. Pour over the cucumbers boiling hot; let stand for forty-eight hours; then take them out of the brine. Let them drain; pour away the brine; put the cucumbers back in the jar and cover with good cider vinegar. Be sure they are all under the vinegar. Weight them down.

Corn Pickle—Twelve ears of corn cut from cob, one head of cabbage, one pepper chopped, six teaspoonsful of ground mustard, two tablespoonsful of salt, two cups of sugar, one quart of vinegar. Cook until the corn is done. Put into quart jars and seal.

Bunker Hill Pickle—Cut in large pleces one quart of cucumbers, one quart of celery, one quart of onions, one muskmelon, one quart cauliflower one quart of peppers chopped fine, a few string beans, a few mustard seed, one quart of green tomatoes, Leave over night in hot brine. In the morning stir and drain, Take three quarts of vingear, three cups of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Put on the stove; when boiling hot add ons cup of flour, one teaspoonful of peppers, eight tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, half pound of tumeric, Stir all together, put on the back of the stove where it will not boil for one hour. Put in quart jars and seal. Bunker Hill Pickle-Cut in large stove where it will not boil for hour. Put in quart jars and seal.

MA'S IDEA OF HOME.

Dear Sisters and Brothers of the Socisi Corner: Our Washington sister asks, What is home? The definition in the dictionary is, A dwelling house; the house or place in which one resides. That describes very well some homes that I know of. But it doesn't describe my ideal of home. Love is the greatest thing in the world, and contentment next. Home should have both. In a home like that there is no envy of those who live in big houses and go in automobiles. The family are happy to live within their income in their own way, not bluffing or trying to appear what they are not. Saving something for a rainy day, and taking some pleasure as they go along; something for a rainy day, and taking some pleasure as they go along; trying to make the others as happy and comfortable as possible. Nothing in the house, or no room too nice to use aud enjoy.

I read of Lillian Nordica singing "Home." in the village.

I read of Lillian Nordica singing "Home, Sweet Home," in the village hall in Farmington, Me, last week. It was her first visit to her old home in thirty years. Weather-beaten farmers and their wives sat and wept.

Faye Verna, I have never kept ducks, I think there is merely in duck raising. I think there is money in duck raising.

P. U. T. WRITES RACILY. Dear Editor: I don't blame you at all

Dear Editor: I don't blame you at all for cutting out some of my trash. I don't believe I can ever write such serious and interesting letters as our housekeeping sisters, for although I've been married five years I have no home of my own in which to "housekeep," although I dearly love every phase of housekeeping. But I thought that we can do as much good and perform the work which has been appointed us and develop our characters just as well, if not better, in a disagreeable environment, as in a pleasanter.

Shut-In: You have all my sympathy. I agree with you, that it would be fine to have S. C. pins. Buy them and all wear them. We will be staring at the coat lapel of every woman we meet.

meet.
Sweet Sixteen: Don't let "Aline"
"joily" you. I'm sure we'll all be just
as interested in the "dainties" as in
the latest method of canning beans!
I think you and I must be about the
youngest of the sisters, I'd like to
met you. I think we'd have lots of

I do hope Grandma will write again, I feresce some very interesting letters from her.

Louisa: I must assume that I guessed correctly. Please don't think me "fresh." for in reality I am a very meek young person, even though I am red-headed.

One of Them: Your method of cooking chicken certainly is delicious. I have used it often in cooking rabbit but after reading your letter Saturday I decided to have chicken for Sunday dinner and the family declare it was fine.

I also have been "stung" once or twice in the same way as you were,

twice in the same way as you were, but "never again!"

Wasn't it fine to find letters from so many new sisters. I do hope we'll hear from them often.

READY CHATS WITH ALL.

Dear Editor and Social Corner Sisters: I have reached the point that not to write to the sisters of the Social Corner will be a case of giving up the paper, so I cannot read the letters. Just as soon as I read the lovely letters there is a letter already formed in my mind, and an answer ready for each letter

up and down it is a wet moon, and when one can hang the powderhorn on it, it is a dry moon. Surely the new moon for August was straight enough for a wet moon, but I guess that is going to prove a true saying—All signs fail in dry time.

Dear Centennial Square: I am so glad you feel able to write again. I think of you and know how hard it is. Grief put white in my hair, and care has put lines in my face. God knows it was hard for me to mingle with people, but I had to, and it was hard to smile when my heart was aching. I think it will help you if you could write often. I do, not want to hurry you—take your own time and follow your own way.

Dear Faye Verna: I must say I have had to give up things all my life. I began to give up things all my life. I began to give up when I was only seven years old; and I always think what will be the next thing I shall have to give up.

Dear Dreamer: To the a trained

have to give up.

Dear Dreamer: To be a trained nurse has been the one dream of my life, but I have not been able to take the training. Poor health has been my

setback.

Dear Glenwood: Your idea of short sleeves and low neck for working is the same as mine. I had my summer house dresses made in the winter, low neck with flat collar and short sleeves. I had two big blue gingham aprons with yoke; they stay in place so much better than the band.

Dear Home Body: You cannot be any more of a home body than I am. I can only have a day off now and then.

any more of 2 home body than I am. I can only have a day off now and then.

Shut-in: How I wish I could have been your "Sunshine" in the last three months. I would have operated my will with yours and tried to suit in any way that your fancy onight have called for.

Dear Sweet Lavender: I am so glad you are back again, I have missed you so much. I wish I could see those twins. I know they are darlings. I have Mayflower's children to take up my spare time. She is a very busy little woman. I am alway's pleased to have the children.

Rural Delivery: Do you suppose we ever will have a Social Corner orchestra and quartette? Jim did not tell us if he sings, or not. I will say to Jim right now: We do not have the trolleys and stedm cars as handy as the Yantic people. I have been to Yantic many times. Walking is good and as I do not own a Dobbin I have walked to the station many times.

I trust Shamrock will keep ever-

times.

I trust Shamrock will keep ever-green in our mind by something often from her pen.

READY. Leonard Bridge.

WHAT OTHER WOMEN CONTEND WITH.

Knowing that many of the readers of this page are housekeepers, I feel sure that they are interested in the

Negro servants are a problem, in-deed. Many of them dislike work and stay in one "place" for only a short time.

In the south, people do not "cook ahead," as we do, but prepare each meal when the time comes. It is the custom of the servants to carry home

custom of the servants to carry home whatever scraps may be left from the day's meals, which is, of course, a temptation to add some supplies from the pantry, or to appropriate some "left over" that is large enough to serve again.

One gentleman who was very fond of fish used often to get a large one to bake. One day he noticed that the fish which was served was smaller than it should be. Upon making investigation he discovered that half of the fish, built up by dressing, had

the fish, built up by dressing, had been served and that a neighbor saw the other half carried off by a small darky. Of course, most colored cooks are perfectly honest in this respect and all others.

Nearly all perfects can make good. Nearly all negroes can make good biscuits, corn bread and waffles, but few of them can make light bread. Their methods of cooking as well as the dishes they prepare are entirely

foreign to ours.

One trick which has always amused me is that of putting holled potatoes into hot water before paring them.

Of course, no cook wants to burn her

fingers with hot potatoes!

One of the hardest things to contend with is the independence of the negro race. As I said before, they soon tire of work and decide to take a rest. Some, of course, stay in one place for years, but they are the ex-

ceptions.

They very much resent any attempt on the part of the mistress to attend either the cooking or ordering of meals. I knew one darky who told her

meals. I knew one darky who told her employer that:

"I don' want no white folkses prowlin' 'roun' in my kitchen!"

Another fact which makes it difficult for the average family to obtain a competent servant is that they specialize in their work. A girl who is cult for the average lamily to obtain a competent servant is that they specialize in their work. A girl who is hired as nurse will do no housework, a chambermaid will do no cooking. It is impossible to find a colored girl or woman who will do the washing at home. Therefore one has to hunt a washwoman—and that is a mighty hard job to accomplish with success, for the washwomen are quite as peculiar as cooks are. Usually the maid will refuse to bring in coal and wood—so a boy has to be hired to perform that service.

In short: If you have only two or three in the family; if you possess a large amount of tact; if the house is smell: if you hire a washwoman and a coal boy; if you give one afternoon

large amount of tact; if the house is smell; if you hire a washwoman and a coal boy; if you give one afternoon a week "off" (preferably Saturday, and Sunday afternoon, also); it is quite possible to get a fairly good general servant, or maid of all work, at moderate price.

TRAVELER.

WET MOON-HOME VACATIONS.

Editor Social Corner: Captain Kidd, Editor Social Corner: Captain Kidd, they used to say, when the moon was new, would like to hang his powder horn on the end of the moon, calling it a dry moon. And Captain Kidd cannot hang on his powder horn, if the moon is standing on its end, consequently it is called a wet moon.

To Blanche: Glad you liked the story; I should have liked to have gone berrying with you. I am so very fond of blackberries; and home vacations are not so bad after all, as one does not have all the trouble of making new clothes to go away in and packing new clothes to go away in and packing up and unpacking again. SHUT-IN.

LITTLE THINGS.

Dear Sisters of the Social Corner: Will you allow me to make a sugges-

When sending in cake or pudding recipes, I think it a good plan to mention how it is put together, for you can put the same recipe tegether in different ways and obtain entirely different results. You may not think this is so, but just ask any experienced

A week ago, one of the recipes given A week ago, one of the recipes given was tried by one of my neighbors. She brought me in a piece of it. The cake was not good. She gave me the recipe to read. It sounded good to me, so after she had gone I decided to try it and when baked brought her in a piece of mine—a most delicious cake.

I could scarcely convince her that I had used the same recipe. She had put it together entirely different with the above results.

he above results.

I think there are just as many inex-

letters there is a letter already formed in my mind, and an answer ready for each letter.

To me, home is what I make it. Once it was where mother was. I have had the care of the home put on my shoulders, and it is up to me whether it will be a pleasant one or not.

I have been tole by elder people that when the new moon is straight.

I think there are just as many inexperienced cooks read those recipes as otherwise, and it does not seem as if it would be a great deal more trouble to tell just how they are put together. An experienced cooks read those recipes as otherwise, and it does not seem as if it would be a great deal more trouble to tell just how they are put together. An experienced cooks read those recipes as otherwise, and it does not seem as if it would be a great deal more trouble to tell just how they are put together. An experienced cooks read those recipes as otherwise, and it does not seem as if it would be a great deal more trouble to tell just how they are put together. An experienced cooks read those recipes as otherwise, and it does not seem as if it would be a great deal more trouble to tell just how they are put together. An experienced cooks read those recipes as otherwise, and it does not seem as if it would be a great deal more trouble to tell just how they are put together. An experienced cooks read those recipes as otherwise, and it does not seem as if it would be a great deal more trouble to tell just how they are put together. An experienced cook knows that it it is best to cream the butter and add the sugar gradually: and in adding milk and flour, to add them alternated the sugar gradually: and in adding milk and flour, to add them alternated the sugar gradually: and in adding milk and flour, to add them alternated the sugar gradually: and in adding milk and flour, to add them alternated the sugar gradually: and in adding milk and flour, to add them alternated the sugar gradually: and in adding milk and flour, to add them alternated the sugar gradually and in adding milk and flour,

what a beautiful morning last Sunday morning was? Was the sky ever bluer or the sunsbrighter? Did it not bring a joy to the heart?

Necla: I was glad to hear from you again. I liked your first letter so much. I think I know the lady who left her Connecticut home a few years since, going to your town, who treasures the Norwich Courier as her home paper. Did she not live in Canterbury, Conn.?'

Where Is the legend of Sara De Sota you promised us?

Where is the legend of Sara De Sota you promised us?
No. Ma; I did not read the "Hermit" in school in the fifties. I was not reading in those years; but I read all your letters to the Social Corner, as I love the little baby chicks—they are so sweet and cunning. I love to take them in my hand and hold them to my face, they are so soft.

Sweet Sixteen: You are all right. Keep sweet and sixteen just so long as you can.

Keep sweet and sixted.

You can.

Do not wish to hurry the years—
they will pass altogether too rapidly.

Dear Grandma: I wish I could tell
you something to do for your ivy.

Hope some of the sisters can.

Ruth: Your story was all right.

WILD CHERRY.

WHY DO WE?

Dear Sisters, of the Social Cornell I am asking myself why we permit grief to mar our lives. Grief is of neconsequence to the dead, but it is the enemy of the living. The mother or father or companion or child has passed on—why not cherish the good and the beautiful in their lives rather than lament the distresses of their departure? Through love and precept and spiritual power those we love cannot die if we keep them alive in our minds. Life, eternal life—is the things for us to set our hearts upon; and the blessings of life are the things to cherish. If we get on the wrong side of life we are in danger of getting lost in a deep shadow—deep grief has no star of hope. The beautiful, the good and the true form the trinity of the heart and it is peace and joy to sit with them. We cannot avoid sorrow—we should not. Cowper said: "With a soul that ever felt the sting of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing." We should all respect the sorrowful and bear in mind that to one in grief the right word is like a switch on a railroad track—an inch between safety and disaster—and may help one to better conditions.

Norwich. efter conditions. Norwich.

HINTS FROM AUNT BESS.

Editor Social Corner: Ever since the Corner was started I have wanted to write a letter, but among so many members I was afraid my letter would never get into print. But as I find new ones coming in nearly every week I think the Corner must be not unlike the old-time stage coach—"always room for one more."

Now, I am not going to give you any recipes, for the sisters have given us so many nice ones, and nearly ev-

any recipes, for the sisters have given us so many nice ones, and nearly every paper and magazine contain a, number of recipes of the favorite dishes of every nation. One would have to live to be as old as Methuselph to try them all.

I wonder how many of the readers know the many uses of soap, besides, of course, its use for all kinds of cleaning purposes.

cleaning purposes

Bureau drawers that stick, and will

not slide easily, may be remedied by rubbing a little soap on the edges. Starch that is mixed with soapy water will not stick to the iron.

Glass stoppers will never stick if a little soap is rubbed on the stopper before it is put in the bottle. Sometimes in hemming with very fine thread the thread will knot and kink. A very little soap on the thread

will prevent the trouble. To keep one's hands smooth and To keep one's hands smooth and soft, wash them thoroughly with pure soap and wipe them just enough to take up the drops of water; then rub them with the cake of soap till it makes a lather. Lay the soap aside and rub the hands till they are dry but do not wipe them again. When dry the hand will be smooth and soft so one can do all kinds of embroidery without ruffing up the silk.

without ruffing up the silk. A little soap mixed with stove-blacking will give the stove a brilliant

polish. To prevent dirt from collecting un-der the nails while at work in the der the nails while at work in the flower beds, try rubbing soap on the ends of the fingers, under the nails, hefore going into the garden, and when the work is done and the hands are washed there will be no dirty streak left.

Tight shoes will slip on easily if soap is rubbed on the heel of the stocking.

I might go on and on, but do not want to make this, my first letted, too

I hope some of these hints may prove a real help to the readers. Norwich. AUNT BESS. Case of Overproduction.

Three hundred and forty pounds of John L. Sullivan: It looks like a case of overproduction.—Chicago Tribune.

Disconcerting thought: Suppose Mr. Morgan, as the highest authority, tells the investigators that there is no steel trust—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deniness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its mormal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; inine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one Hundred Dellars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Many a Suffering Weman

Many a Suffering Woman
Drags herself painfully through her
daily tasks, suffering from backache,
headache, nervousness, loss of appetite and poor sleep, not knowing her
ills are due to kidney and bladder
troubles. Foley Kidney Pills give quick
relief from pain and misery and a
prompt return to health and strength.
No woman who we suffers can afford to No woman who so suffers can afford to overlook Foley Kidney Pills. The Lee & Osgood Co.

E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton, Me., boldly accuses Bucklen's Arnica Salve of stealing—the sting from burns or scalds—the pain from sores of all kinds—the distress from boils or piles. "It robs cuts, corps, bruises, sprains and injuries of their terror," he says, "as a healing remedy its equal don't exist." Only 250 at The Lee & Osseed Ca.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Sisters of the Social Corner: There

Then father has them repeat stories

to him, to test their attention and memories. The happy wife now rocks

soul,-F. W. Robertson.

things .- Tennyson.

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: I have arrived home after a week of much enjoyment at the seashore. I spent most of the time at Watch Hill, but made short visits to Pleasant View and Ocean Beach. How many of the dear Sisters enjoy going to the beaches? I enjoy the seashore immensely.

Speedwell's Vacation," b; "Clara Speedwell's Vacation," by Ruth was all right.
Halle Clubber: I am going to try your combination salad, as I am very fond of salads.
Many, many thanks to Ma for her method of breaking up setting hens. I am trying it; hope I'll be as successful as the salads.

How many of the Sisters are their winter house plants in readiness for the winter? I am going to have a collection of begonias. I have ten different species already, with the promise

of a few more. I am a great admirer of begonias. In fact, I am a very great lover of flowers.

I have tried a great many of the Social Corner recipes and find them very good.

I find much enjoyment in the Social Corner addition and turn to that doesn't.

-Shakespeare.

baby and hums a soft lullaby and father gazes upon his household and repeats: "The night shall be filled with music and the cares that infest the day shall fold up their tents like Arabs and silently steal away."

BILLIE.

Stonington.

A RECIPE FROM

CRIMSON RAMBLER.

Dear Editor and Sisters of the Social Corner: I have arrived home after a policy of the social Corner.

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ALINE'S SCHOOL LUNCH SUGGESTIONS.

Dear Sisters of the Corner: I suppose that many of you, when doing next Saturday's baking will be plan-ning for the school children's lunch ning for the school children's lunch baskets, so soon to be needed.

I like to put up things which will not soil the fingers or clothes, and yet, considerable variety is needed, as children quickly tire of cold dinners.

One thing nearly every child will

like is saited crackers. To prepar, spread milk crackers with butter, sprinkle with sait and toast a few minutes in z hot oven. These must not be packed in the baskets until cold, or they will not be crisp.

they will not be crisp.

Sandwiches, of course, must be male fresh each merning. An egg filling is good and is made by chopping together two hot, hard-boiled eggs and a small slice of onion. Season with salt, butter and a dash of pepper. This should make four sandwiches, As a variation from meat fillings, try spreading the bread with butter and then a thick filling of brown sugar.

When making apple, squash or suctard pias, make some little ones in cup cake tins. Just the thing to put in lunch boxes.

Cookies, of course, can be made in almost endless variety; and are convenient to carry. When making sugar cookies, try putting two together with culler a chocolate or cocanut fudge filing, or instead of pressing one large raisin in the center of each cookie before baking, make a daisy with six of the small sultana raisins. Here are three good cookies: Two cups sugar, one